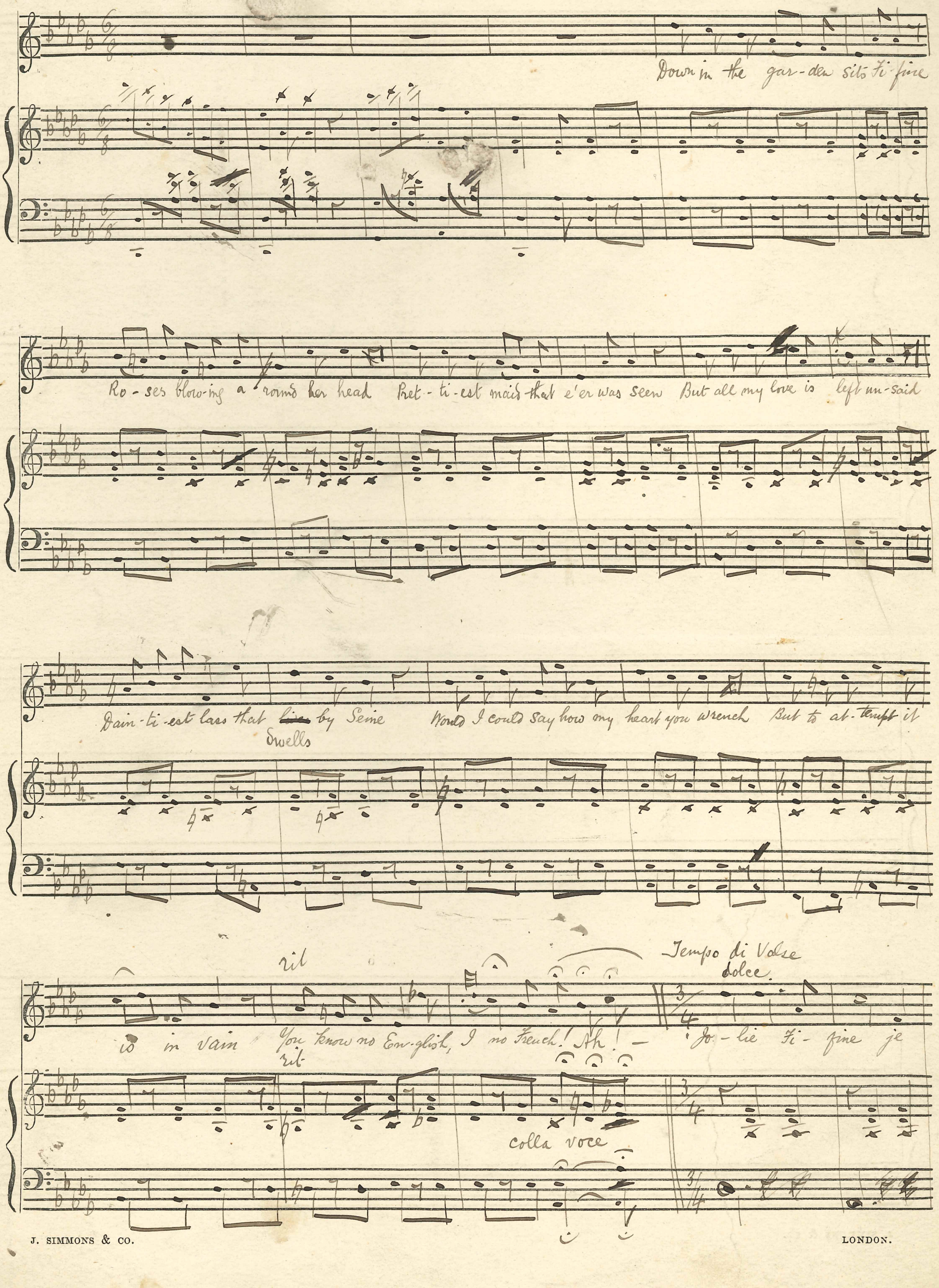
Words by Henry S. Vince Esqr

Fifine.

Composed by J. C. Arlige.


Down in the gar-den sits Fi-fine
Ro-ses blow-ing a-round her head Pret-ti-est maid that e'er was seen But all my love is left un-said
Dain-ti-est lass that ~~lies~~ dwells by Seine Would I could say how my heart you wrench But to at-tempt it
rit
is in vain You know no En-glish, I no French! Ah! — Jo-lie Fi-fine je
Tempo di Valse
dolce
rit
colla voce

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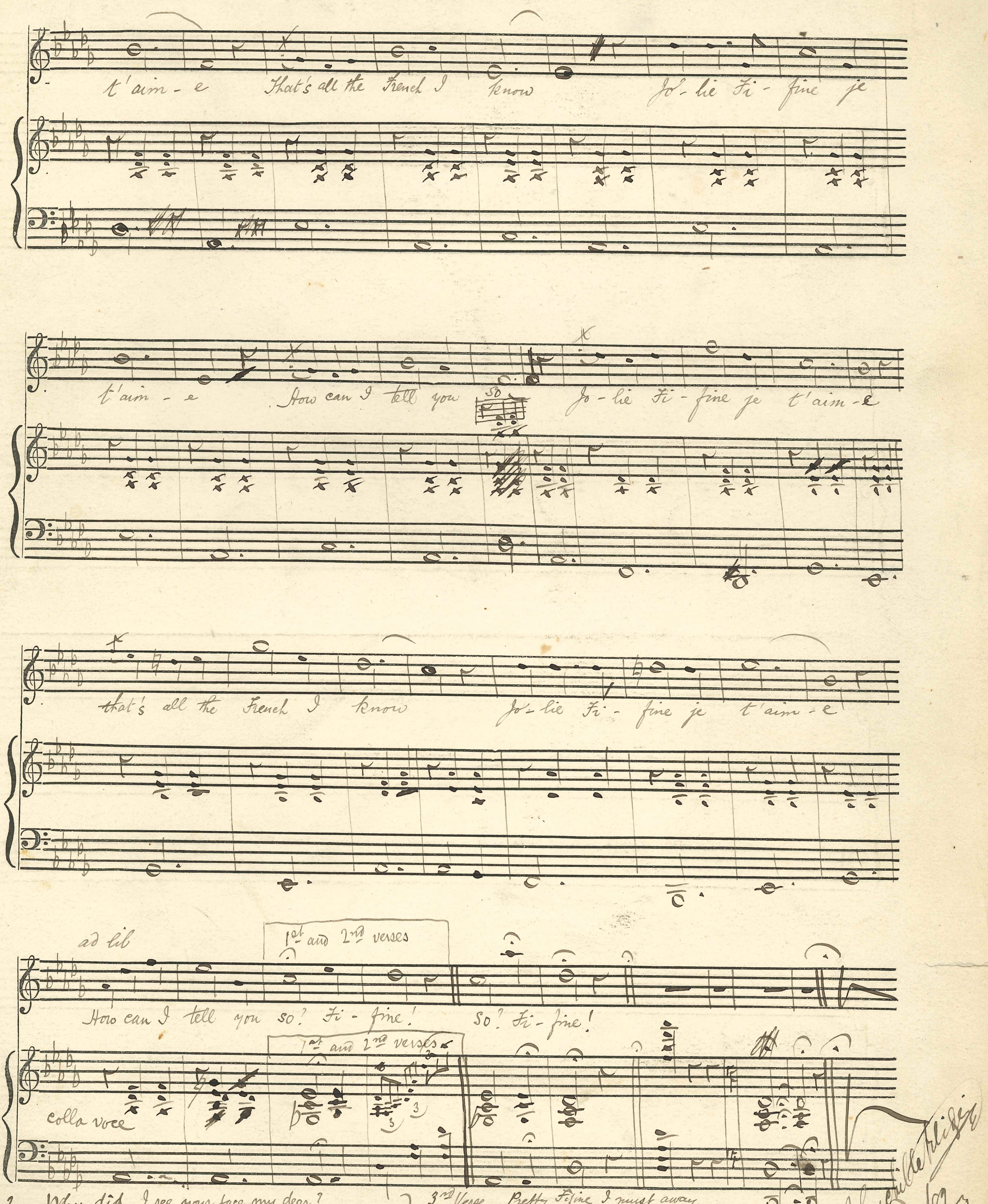
t'aim - e That's all the French I know Jo - lie Fi - fine je
t'aim - e How can I tell you Jo - lie Fi - fine je t'aim - e
that's all the French I know Jo - lie Fi - fine je t'aim - e
ad lib
1st and 2nd verses
How can I tell you so! Fi - fine! So! Fi - fine!
1st and 2nd verses
colla voce

Verse 2

Why did I see your face my dear?
Why did I need so far to roam?
Why came I idly straying here
When I must go so sadly home?
Ah! pretty maid you come & go
Smile at me sweetly when we meet
But little has you do not know
How at your smile my heart will beat

Jolie Fifine &c.

3rd Verse.

Pretty Fifine I must away,
Pleasant it were to linger so,
But I must here no longer stay
So of my love you ne'er will know:
Daintiest lass that dwells by Seine,
Smile on me once before we part!
Though we shall never meet again
Here is your picture in my heart.

Jolie Fifine &c.

25/3/82.

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